

A SQUABBLE ABOUT THE BAIL.

Dr. White Arrested on the Charge of Abduction.

Bail Refused by Acting Mayor Buckner. The Prisoner Carried Before Judge Robertson, Who Could Take no Action, as There Had Been no Hearing of the Case—The Accused Man Admitted to Bail in the Sum of \$1,000 by Justice Williams.

Dr. F. E. White was arrested yesterday by Assistant Chief Wolfe on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. E. S. Lane, charging him with abducting her child, Elmira Lane, and using deceit to get her away from her mother for immoral purposes.

Acting Mayor Buckner issued the warrant, which had been drafted by a prominent lawyer. A committal was also made out, and White was taken to the city jail.

He was allowed to sit in Sergeant Traynham's reception room till Mr. Wood, his lawyer, came. After a short consultation Mr. Wood set about to procure bail for his client. He went to Mr. Buckner, who issued the warrant, but he refused to accept bail. Nothing daunted, he drove out to Judge Robertson's residence, with a petition for bail, and stated the case. The judge came down to Mr. Wood's office and White was brought out, when a bond was drawn up for \$1,000. It was then that the judge discovered that White had not been sent on by a magistrate; that he had only been committed for trial, which was to take place to-day, and thereupon refused bail, saying it was out of his jurisdiction.

Justice Howerton was sent for, but he was just on the point of leaving the city and could not look after the case. It seemed certain that the doctor would be compelled to spend the night in the city jail among a gang of thieves, robbers and murderers of the worst type.

Just then some one spied Judge Williams' good gray head going up Commerce street on his way home. Now Judge Williams is counsel in a very important case against White, and Mr. Wood shrunk at the idea of having him, thinking perhaps his sympathy would not be with the accused. But White said he was perfectly willing for Judge Williams to hear the case, and after many loud whoops and halloos the judge came in.

After examining the warrant and hearing Dr. White's statements, he admitted him to bail in the sum of \$1,000, J. R. Ellis and the accused going on the bond. White seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. He escaped incarceration in the dungeon, and that was a very important point scored.

White showed Judge Williams a picture of Elmira Lane which he says he got possession of some days ago. It represented the girl in almost a nude state, but the cards bore no marks or prints to show where the pictures had been taken. White alleged to Officer Wolfe that there were several in the city and that a certain policeman had one. White further intimates that when the case comes to trial he will show up the girl's record, and perhaps ring in a little unpleasantness for one or more married men.

On the other hand the case has excited the sympathy of a number of prominent citizens, who have avowed their intention to stand by Mrs. Lane, and see that her daughter is not taken from her for immoral purposes.

Mrs. Lane has been endeavoring to persuade Elmira to go with her back to Michigan, and to this end has spent almost the entire time since the girl was brought from Lynchburg in pleading with her at the station-house, where she occupies a private room. It is alleged that White went to the rear door of the room and spoke to the girl from the street, that he employed a lawyer for the purpose of releasing her, charging that she was illegally held. On these grounds the last warrant was issued.

The case will come up for trial at 10 o'clock this morning. Mrs. Lane will also have counsel to prosecute the case, and a lively time is looked for.

THOUGHT SHE WAS CONJURED.

An Old Negro Woman That Thought There Was a Spider in Her Heart.

A colored woman was dragged upon the porch over Pabst's old smith shop Thursday night by two colored men who captured her on the railroad near Patterson's saloon.

There she sat all night, rolling her eyes and shaking her head, but said little to her attendants. Some of the women knew her, and said that she lived with her husband at the West End. But no one was sent for him and the woman staid on Bunker Hill all night. Early yesterday morning she became violent and said she had been "conjured," and that an old negro woman had caused and immense spider to grow in the arteries of her heart. The thing was there assuming the form of a devil, and had eaten away the greater portion of that organ.

She called for the old woman, whom she alleged, had conjured her, to come and break the spell and remove the spider from her heart.

The old woman was sent for in the night and came with a small piece of bark, cut in the shape of a coffin, and covered with black cloth. She went up behind the afflicted woman, and placing her hands on her head, muttered an incantation, after which she let the coffin down before her eyes with a string. Almost immediately the patient became easier and dozed off into a quiet slumber, in which condition she remained till yesterday morning. Then her husband came and carried her home. Yesterday evening she still showed symptoms of insanity, but said no more about the spider being in her heart.

Grace Methodist Church.

Shockey & Gladden have started the work on Grace M. E. Church, South, at the corner of Lee and Gilmer streets. The building will be brick-cased, and will seat 450 people. The work will be pushed forward to completion as rapidly as possible.

Cabinet making, re-upholstering and packing furniture a special branch of the business with Copper & Stone, 10 Salem avenue s. e.

THE MOORISH STORY TELLER.

How He Entertains His People with Fantastic Tales of the East.

Hall Caine, author of "The Doomster" and other novels, has discovered a Moorish story teller. The Moorish story teller is not usually a Moor, properly so called, but of negro blood, and comes from beyond the Atlas. He is a familiar figure on the Mohammedan holiday, Friday, in the sok, or market place, of Moorish towns. Surrounded by two, three or four lines of listeners, in a semi-circle, he strums on a sort of guitar, and tells his stories in gasps and spasms and with great fervor. His stories are not always of a kind that bear repetition, but some are harmless; and of that sort Mr. Caine gives, as an example, a story which he himself heard in the sok at Tangier, and had translated to him by a resident. Most of this oral literature of the market place seems to be a sort of apocrypha to the "Arabian Nights." "Once there was a good man, and his name was Ali. He had a Christian captive, a beautiful English girl. Ali was willing to make her his wife if she would become a true believer. Praise the merciful Allah and his prophet the Lord Mohammed! (Story teller and audience touch their foreheads.) She, on her part, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable under his house and saddle his favorite horse.

"When she got to the stable the horse lifted both its forefeet and struck her down. For a time she was insensible, and when she recovered consciousness she took the blow of the horse as a proof of her unbelief in the true God and his prophet. Allah save and bless us. (All touch foreheads again.) So she went up to Ali and told him she believed and would become his wife. Then Ali said: 'Go down again and saddle my horse.' She went down, and the horse struck her again. Once more she returned to Ali. 'You were not a true believer,' said Ali; 'go down again.' Yet again she went down to the stable, and then Ali's favorite horse suffered her to saddle him, and she brought him to Ali, and Ali married her, and she was a true believer for ever after. (Story-teller stops to make a collection; a good number of copper coins are handed to him, then he resumes.) Now we leave Ali and go far away into the desert. There was a fight between a good Moor and a great Christian chief. The Moor had a beautiful wife, and the Christian killed him and took his wife and rode away with her. And one day he met Ali and challenged him to fight. But Ali had a magic sword, with which he could kill whatever he could see, no matter how far away; so while the chief was boasting Ali drew his sword and swept it in the air. And when the Christian chief cried: 'Come and fight me,' Ali answered him: 'You are dead already, turn yourself round and you shall see.'

"Then the chief found that he had been cut so clean by Ali's magic sword that he did not know that he was dead. But he fell asunder as he twisted about and rolled off his horse into the sand. So the Moorish woman whom he had made captive rejoiced, and she looked upon Ali and saw that he was a goodly man and offered herself to him to be his wife. But Ali had got a wife already, even the captive who had once been a Christian. So he would not take the Moorish woman, but gave her to another, and thus all was well and everybody was happy. Give thanks to Allah, the merciful and mighty. (More touching of foreheads and another collection.)" Then a story of finer flavor, told with infinite and too obvious pantomime, amid shrieks of laughter from men and women, little boys and girls.

IMPOSING MONUMENTS.

The Size of the Stone Doesn't Indicate the Amount of Grief.

On a recent visit to one of the great cemeteries near this city I had as a companion an old, gray-haired dealer in tombstones, says a writer in the New York Telegram. In what might be termed the fashionable portion of the cemetery I called his attention to the impressive character of the massive monuments of granite, with their brightly polished sides, on which were inscribed the names and ages of those who lay beneath.

"That's right," said the old man. "The effect upon you is just what was intended by those who paid for the big pieces of granite. They were meant to be impressive; that is, to impress outsiders with an idea of the wealth and social standing of those by whom they were erected. Greatness of their grief, did you say? Well, I guess not. You see, I am in the business and can see further into a tombstone than most people. I have to sell those towering obelisks of dull, gray stone, but I don't believe in them. It is merely another phase of human pride. That those tall monuments are not erected out of regard for departed dear ones is evident from the fact that not one tender thought or word of loving remembrance is carved on the broad surfaces of those great masses of stone.

"For my part," said the veteran, "I prefer the old time tombstone of forty or fifty years ago—a slab of marble upright at the head of the grave, on which, besides the name and age of the dead one, is carved a short summary of his other good qualities while in life, with a line or two of affectionate remembrance from those by whom the stone has been erected. It is the fashion nowadays to make fun of the quaint verses found upon the old tombstones, but to my mind the love which prompted those queerly constructed but expressive lines should shield them from ridicule."

French Foresters.

France has in her army a unique body of troops for the protection of her railways in war. Most of them are men living near the eastern boundary—among them seven thousand foresters and customs officials—able to get in the field at a few hours' notice. Recently this railway contingent was mobilized, so that its efficiency might be tested. The mobilization was not very successful. Half the men could get no overcoats because there were none for them.

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July 30-19

POINTS ON THE TELEPHONE.

The Girls at the Central Office Talk Into It Properly.

Telephone users might acquire much useful information if they would in some leisure half hour visit the headquarters of the company in Cortlandt street, a standing invitation being open to them to do so, says the New York Times. The manner in which the girls talk into the instrument would certainly be a revelation to the average subscriber. The transmitters are suspended from the ceiling by two wires, and each is so adjusted that it hangs on a level with the mouth of the young woman who is seated at the table. It is natural to suppose that in a room where at least one hundred and fifty young women are talking over telephones the clatter would make ordinary conversation impossible. But such is not the case. The buzz of conversation is not so loud by any means as that in an ordinary Sunday-school room.

There is a certain amount of affection in the gentle way in which a girl handles a transmitter. Holding it lightly in the fingers of one hand, the elbow of the arm resting on the table in front of her, the young woman brings it close to her lips, in many instances permitting it to touch them lightly, and speaks into it with a subdued and gentle voice as cooingly musical as ever tickled the eardrums of ardent wooers. When the user remembers that, no matter what difficulty he may experience in understanding others on the wire, he can always hear what "Miss Central" has to say, this explanation of how the latter talks should be useful not only to himself but to his telephonic correspondents.

Furthermore, users of the instrument should know that the vicious ring of the impatient subscriber has no terror in it for the girl, for there are no bells corresponding to those on the telephone in her vicinity. He may therefore better possess his soul in patience, as the clatter of his bell deafens only those in his own office. The first half turn of the crank on the box causes a small disk to drop forward on the table of the operator, exposing the number of the calling subscriber. It makes no more noise in dropping than the tick of a clock, so that whatever impatience the subscriber may indulge in is absorbed in the wooden box in front of him.

GRASS IN THE NILE.

Very Difficult to Pass Through, But It Has Its Good Uses.

The grass barriers through which Dr. Junker passed measured from one hundred feet to a mile and a quarter in width, and frequently delayed him for hours on stretches that he might otherwise have put behind him in a few minutes, writes a correspondent of Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine. Dr. Junker directs attention to the fact, however, that even grass barriers are not an unmitigated evil, since at high water their thickly matted substance serves the purpose of a filter in clarifying the stream. So it happens that the White Nile is "the clear," while the Blue Nile, in which the conditions are unfavorable to the formation of grass barriers, is "the dirty."

The grass is swept into the stream at high water from the swamps and stagnant ponds along the banks. This grass grows together in great masses which, once floated into the stream, become welded by nets of innumerable roots and smaller water plants till a barrier forms across the channel. The force of the current increases the compactness of the barrier thus formed and brings it new material from above. The barriers differ greatly as to compactness; through some the Ismailia cut her way slowly, merely with her prow. Others were tramped down, cut and loosened before her by natives. Others, "like felt," as Dr. Junker says, were firm against such simple devices. Wire cables were made fast to each of these massive barriers near its edge, and at the same time to the prow of the Ismailia. The steamship then backed water with all her power and thus tore loose and set adrift down stream great chunks of the barrier. To thus clear a river of a large barrier is a huge undertaking. Ernst Marno, for instance, with four steamships and several hundred men, was busy from September, 1879, till April, 1880, clearing his way in the Bahrel Gebel. The piercing of a barrier by a steamship bound down stream is frequently exceedingly perilous, as the loosened masses of matted grass, instead of floating off behind the boat, are often driven back against her stern till she becomes as firmly imbedded in the grass as she would be in an ice field.

A Sad Infliction.

"It is a terrible thing to be ugly," says George Dawson, the English lecturer. It is a hateful truth, but none the less a truth, that "unpresentable" people—men and women with repulsive physiognomies—have giants to contend with at their entrance upon life. If this be true of all ugliness, how must it be with the superlative degree of that quality—an ugliness compared with which mere plainness or uncomeliness is beautiful. It is said Ugo Foscolo, the brilliant Italian poet and prose writer, was so ugly, notwithstanding his dandyish pretensions, that a jest upon it as a grimly patent fact became almost permissible. Once an acquaintance of his, who affected not to recognize him at first on entering a restaurant, apologized by saying that he had taken him for an orang-outang.

THEY WON'T BE HERE.

The Bedford City Team Unable to Come to Roanoke.

Manager Henry, of the baseball association, received a telegram from the manager of the Bedford City club yesterday, stating that they would be unable to play in Roanoke Saturday, as they had previously agreed to do. It is possible that the Bedford club hasn't the farce to come to Roanoke again after having treated the Roanoke boys so badly as was done Saturday. Again, it may be that the severe drubbing received at the hands of the Roanoke team has served to awaken them to the part that they cannot hope to play winning ball against the Roanoke club since the latter has been strengthened. At all events the boys from Bedford should prepare themselves for another defeat when they tackle the home team again.

The Bedford Index, the leading newspaper at Bedford City, has repeatedly called attention to the fact that Bedford is getting an unsavory reputation in the matter of "rooting," and especially of "rooting," or rather discourtesy, and its last issue prints the following timely remark:

"The captain of the team should show more courtesy to the visiting teams who play here. He doubtless does not mean harm, but he should keep a cooler head on him and remember that the bad impressions formed will injure him in more than one capacity.

"After consenting to wait one hour for West and Abbot Saturday, the Roanokes were denied the privilege of stopping the game in time to catch the 7 o'clock train by the umpire and captain of the Bedfords, in the face of the fact that the managers of the two teams had made such an arrangement. Giving the game to Bedford by a score of 9 to 0 was the worst sort of farce, and could not stand anywhere."

Captain Hewison, of the Bedfords, makes excuse for his manner of playing by saying that it is "baseball." It may be; possibly the kind in which a rubber ball and a shingle is used, but in a game of modern ball all such conduct is reprehensible and comes under the head of "dirty" ball playing. Captain Hewison, college professor, has much to learn in regard to baseball, and he should remember that a man can show his gentlemanly qualities on the ball field as well as in the drawing room.

Mayor's Court.

Acting Mayor Buckner had a light court yesterday morning. Only three cases appeared on the docket and two of these were dismissed. William Wright was up on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. The officer arrested him on the charge of vagrancy and found on his person a pistol, three razors and a large knife. He told Mr. Buckner that he was constitutionally opposed to work. He was fined \$10. Two other trivial cases were dismissed.

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Furniture..... 670.00	Deposits on certificate..... 168,145.15
Cash on hand..... 13,304.74	Check deposits..... 114,305.90
Due from banks..... 62,312.16	Bills payable..... 2,508.33
Expenses and taxes..... 4,482.51	Bills rediscounted..... 5,838.33
\$697,236.34	\$697,236.34

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